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The Centurion

EDITORIAL . . . .

Well, gang, here it is. Your bi- (tri-? centum-?) weekly (weakly?, sickly?) CENTURION is here again. Call the janitor. Actually, we must say we're beginning to enjoy concocting these little editorials. This pleasure is by no means tempered by the recent realization that we haven't the foggiest adumbration what the correct form and objective of an editorial should be. No sir, as long as we can go around getting called editors in year-books and spouting off words like "adumbration", we're just as happy as the proverbial suline emmersed in that particular viscous matter. For that matter, we haven't the most crepuscular notion what "adumbration" even means. But does that stop us? Yes. Frankly, at times, it does. But we usually get going again after a little encouragement, say four or five glasses of kummel on the rocks. So, now that we're all wound up, lets get this whole sordid business over with, and we'll all get back to the opium den. In this issue, you will find many things, including words and pictures. Our deepest thanks extended to those who sent in words. Ditto to those who sent in pictures. To those who didn't send in nothing -- hang by your thumbs. We hope you get leprosy. We are indeed fortunate to have a fine sonnet in answer to Mr. Hinton's atrocity, which we think speaks well of us (who? hah?). We are also privileged to have a tantalizing fragment from that great academic epic, THE LYCEUM, translated from the original Hottentot by Massa Daniel. Oddly enough, he was the boob who wrote it in that obscure dialect in the first place. Ve know vhat he'se goink to gat! POW! We might take this opportunity to mention that this issue is to be the penultima, and therefore, any lunatics feeling "strangely desirous of contributing", please do so immediately (at your own risk), as this is absotively your last chance to bid for infany. But we wont. We were also the proud recipients of some fine art work from a certain Ransco (a diaphanous pseudonym, Reid). Thankee kindly, M.N., also. Another innovation, the reader will find, is the change to small type half-way through this issue. THis is so you can ignore far more of it in a shorter time. Incidently, I just noticed old Wienerschnitzel Bell has went and spelled immersed in line 8 mitta "e". That's hokay -- he also spelled ensued on the last page mitta "i". I guess it all works out. And now what else? O'Brien just slipped into his PJ's and jumped into his brief-case for a nap, so I guess I'll get a few words in. First I'd like to say hello to my mother who sells chestnuts on Hollywood and Vine, and to my father, who runs a Tastee-Freez in Antartica. And also Grandma and Grandpa and John Birch and Larry the Lonestar Dumptruck. Dan here again. Bell's mother doesn't actually sell chestnuts, she use to help sell 'em, right now she's looking for a new organ grinder. That's all the vital issues we can think of now. And remember, the Big "C" says, "Support the Anarchist Party -- don't vote!"

Ta-ta now. EDITORS

Pash me annodur glash, buddy.

N.B. Don't miss, the open letter to the Student Council

RECEIVED MAR 1962 VICTORIA COLLEGE

"THE CENTURION"
Humor by the Megaton

D. O'Briennus Psychoticus, B. Bellum Neuroticus, Scripsit

RETAIN THIS ISSUE * * * YOUR LUCKY NUMBER IS -- 37829-034.67
WINNER IN NEXT WEEKS ISSUE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS . . . .

Dear Sirs;
We are eagerly looking forward to the publication of your LAST issue.
Ominous

Dear Sirs;
My most heartfelt and vigorous felicitations on the instigation of this fine literary et cetera. It marks an epoch in boon-doggeling your dog-bone journalism. ROWF!
Þogo

Dear Sirs:
If the purpose of THE CENTURION is to inform, it fails completely; if to amuse, it falls far short; if to replace the "Martlet", it doesn't. If, however, its purpose is to waste the paper, time, and effort of those concerned, it succeeds most admirably.
Alan R. Bull

GOOD ATTEMPT, ALAN, BUT IT DOESN'T QUITE MAKE THE GRADE. DEVELOP YOUR PARALLELISM A LITTLE MORE, FIX UP SOME OF THE CARELESS PHRASING ("ADMIRABLY, FALLS FAR SHORT," ETC., VERY TRITE), AND REVAMP OBSCURE AND GENERALIZED STATEMENTS. (INFORM, REPLACE, EFFORT, ETC.) THIS CAN BE A FIRST CLASS PIECE OF WORK, JUST RUN IT THROUGH YOUR TYPEWRITER ONE MORE TIME.
Editors.

Dear Sirs;
Read your last issue . . . now what do I do with it?
Pat Buzzards

Dear Sirs;
Why discriminate? There are relatively few students with brains and stamina to achieve high marks, and, consequently, relatively few students win scholarships. Why not be sporting about this business and establish hidden weight prizes for the sake of the 0 - 60 bracket? Give those of us who run on sheer luck an added incentive to stay at college. Hidden weight prizes are something U.B.C. hasn't got.
John Hogg

SAVE A COUPLE OF 51%'ers FOR US.
Editors.

Dear Sirs;
THE CENTURION is great for blotting lipstick, but it sure tastes lousy.
Wharf Street Wanda

Dear Sirs;
After reading the last issue of THE CENTURION, I was so disraught I inadvertently handed IT in ~~for~~ instead of my English Term Paper -- I know it's anticlimactic as hell -- it flunked.
Lorelei Uppgard

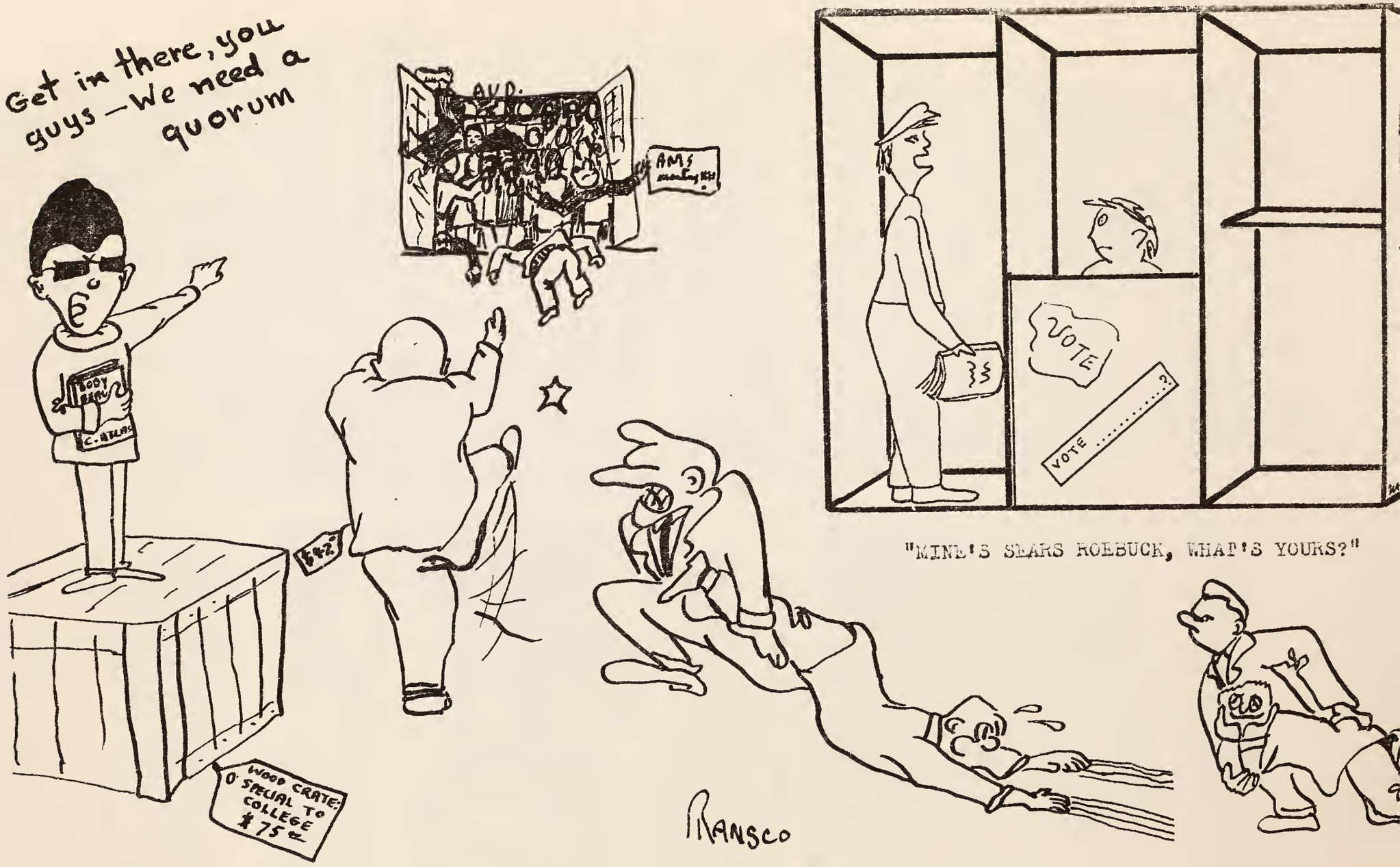
Dear Sirs;
Thanks for the mention in the last issue, men. Now get off my back, willya?
Mal Potts

BE SURE NOT TO MISS THE OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL
-- IN THIS ISSUE --

POETRY . . . .

Most delicate is he who loathes
The aspect of this filthy prose.
The fighting word scratched out with ink;
The vesture of the ones who think.
The garment neither fur nor hair,
The cloak of evil and despair,
The veil long violated by
Nixon (? Eds.), Bell, and olde O'Bri.
Yet such is my unseemliness --
I like this poor misguided press.
And willingly would I dispense
With false accoutrements of sense,
The paper is really just the most.
Good luck old man -- I raise my toast. M.N.

THANKS . . . WE THINK . . . Editors.



"MINE'S SEARS ROEBUCK, WHAT'S YOURS?"

ITEM: OFFICIALS 'INVITE' STUDENT BODY TO ATTEND AMS MEETING.

JOURNALISM . . . .

DEAR FEEBLE . . . .

Dear Feeble;
I feel inferior, unsuccessful, useless, and generally like a boob spelled backwards. Would it help me to run for a position on the Student Council as a prestige booster?

Boob

Dear Boob;
By all means, run for a position (why not president). You are virtually certain to be elected with you qualifications, and won't that massage the old ego?

Feeble

Dear Feeble;
I think my baby sister is psychotic -- she throws walnuts in the garbage disposal unit. How can I help her?

Sore Ears

Dear Sore;
Send her to a private school in the Black Forest -- sell her to the Arabs -- how should I know? Ya expect me to solve complicated emotional problems from a twenty word letter? I got problems of my own. Ever try and write a column? Think it's easy? Bonehead!

Feeble

Dear Feeble
Is it true that you, while giving out advice to many other people cannot get a date for yourself?

Tyrone Gerschtungken

Dear Ty-ger
By making such absurd allegations you only reveal your own feelings of insecurity. Your problem seems to be deeply rooted, and I doubt very much whether one of my usual limited answers would be adequate. The best solution would be for you to visit me at my place, where an extended personal interview can be arranged (is Saturday at 8:30 convenient?) in a suitable atmosphere (I have some new records) I think you can benefit from a fuller discussion of your problem. (I'm a terrific cook...)

Feeble

Don't miss the blistering, excoriating OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

ED-ŁIPPING
by Ed Pomegrant

Hi there. The other day I got a phone call. It was novelty day. It was from my editor. He said, and I quote, "Ed, why don't you write something funny for the paper this week?" This seemed like a reasonable ~~xx~~ question. So I says to ~~xxxx~~ myself, and I quote, "Ed, why don't you do just that?" This too, seemed like a reasonable question. So I sat down, and began to think. Boy -- this was really novelty day. Suddenly it came to me in a ~~flash~~ flash. I know why I don't write something funny for the editor, and I quote, (the flash) "You don't have to write anything funny for your editor, Eddy, baby, you can always use the old gimmick, of writing that you don't have anything to write about, this time. You could even get real progressive and write about not having anything to write about not having anything to write about. This time. The possibilities are endless."

Daniel doesnt know I'm doing this, ha, ha, the alcohol in the corrector fluid finally got to him. So -- O'Brien's old man shaves his forearms. Nya. Bell.

UTTERINGS
by George Lanent

(We had another variation on this title that would just kill you Richard Burton enthusiasts, but you know how square Les is about these things.)

I've often walked into my neighbourhood Super-Valu, and noticed many a brand of most nearly everything bearing the curious legend, "7 CENTS OFF, ŁŁ2 CENTS OFF, ETC." Now think for a moment, think, it's novelty day. The very word "OFF" suggests a deviation from a concrete norm. Now this norm can only exist if such a decreasing variation is equiponderated by an increasing variation. If this reduction and the net price are the only two prices to appear, then the actual norm must lie between the two if there be any justice in the world. But this would mean the 8 cents off would be only four cents off, and my Super-Valu manager is dishonest. This I refuse to believe. I will only be satisfied when I see packages marked "4 CENTS ON" occasionally.

In the introduction we learn that the author, a student in Medieval Europe, had just succeeded in extracting by alchemy a most marvelous elixir, of the type for which Ponce De Leon was to later scour a continent, when a meddlesome but well-meaning father, seeking to dissever him from his pursuit of the unholy, consigned him to a long sea voyage under a captain of his acquaintance. "He always held the sea to be something of a panacea and would often say in his homely way that what fool notions the salt air failed to blow from a lad's head would come out with his meals during the first fortnight." During this voyage the proverbial sudden squall, ignorance of location, shortage of provisions and nefarious crew resulted in the author being marooned on an alien shore. Here, faced with a hostile landscape and its barbarous inhabitants he produced a vial of the potion, which he had secreted on his person, and quickly quaffed the contents with the object of increasing his chances for survival and siding my story; but to his great astonishment, the natives, after delivering nothing more than a perfunctory beating with their jagged clam shells lost all intreat in the intruder allowing him to escape to the nearby escarpment where it was, as he crouched in a deep cavern the unexpected soporific properties of the potion took their effect. The reader has doubtless been able to synthesize the remainder. The author awakes some seven hundred years later and stumbles out in search of sustinance. While foraging, he fortunately arrives at perhaps the only inhabited acre on earth where his prodigious beard and few remaining shreads of antuquated garb will occasion no real surprise or mirth, the campus of a certain University. Here he is resolved to spend his remaining days, however many or few they may prove to be by virtue of the wonderful potion for only here, he has realized, will his idiosyncracys be considered symptoms of genius rather than lunacy, and moreover he has, in his own words, "learned by studying and absorbing the habits of my associates to eke out a more than tolerable existance--sleeping during lectures, exercising my limbs long nocturnal ramblings (u?), securing nourishment through lunches gained by stealth from the Commons, and surripticiously exploiting the janitor's telephone to facilitate outside communication."

The body of the epic of which we now present a small excerpt treats a journey through the University, giving expression to the reactions of an alien observing the various facets of such an instution.

THE LYCEUM - Part I Book Six.

Canto iv "Katabasis" or "Journey to the center of the Cafeteria."

Aneas had the Sibyle, and Dante had Virgil. I had no one.

I had opened the cafeteria door just a crack and was attempting with wild gesticulations of improvised somophore to divert the attention of one of my weaker willed associates, already sinking fast in this den of more than iniquity, when the harsh 12:30 buzzar jarred the din. One can hardly imagine the horripilation with which I suddenly perceived the inauspicious timing of my venture. A quick sprint down the stairs and an Olympic style vault over the railing were tried,, but I was arreated in mid-flight by the mass migration seeking ingress. Still, I allow myself the flattery, being well-built and sound, I could have paddled against the current long enough to effect my escape, but alas, precisely at that moment, a portly flute player seated some few yards within paused to yawn and in I went along with several members of the local flying Club and a light crop duster.

Past a huge dog which I recognized a belonging to one of the professors, and into the dreaded interior I surged, propelled by the lemming-like horde at my back. At lenght I was fed to a long flexuous queue comprised of unfortunates like myself who moved at a tortise pace with arms outstretched bescechingly towards an incredibly ancient figure standing amidst bubbling cauldrons at the extremity of the room. Even before I had succeeded in warding off a bowl of murky looking Spartan broth, which another figure threatened me with, my education in the bizarre began, as I beheld the legions of the damned.

There was Sisyphus, shorter than one might have imagined, wearing a bowl haircut, surplus paratrooper pants, and a strange, quisical smile (or had the vain travail reduced him to grinning idiocy?). I watched piteously as he attempted again and again to shoulder a tight knot of students out of the edifice, and into some kind of political aggregation, transpiring in a neighbouring building, only to have the group dissolve in the doorway each time, and slink back seperately and coalesce again in the depths.

And here was Tantalus, equally short of stature, and curiously equipped with a pair of stove-lids over his eyes, desperately feeding nickels into a large shiny pop machine, which responded with only a faint mechanical snicker, where upon the wretch would bastinado the monster with his head, and sob out curses in Old High German. I later had intelligence that plans are afoot to set lever handles on these machines, making them one-armed-bandits in proper.

The last episode, I recall, concerns the activities of an unholy four whom I

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observed to be moving paste-board runes among themselves, in accordance with some ancient, cabalistic rite, and muttering cryptic incantations. They called themselves, significantly enough, after the cardinal points of the compass and the ritual itself enjoyed the appellation "Bridge", but as no-one went under any thing but the table, I concluded it bore no relation to the London variety. The players themselves were of some interest. North was a bewhiskered bumpkin dressed in a pair of denim overalls who paused occasionally to partake of a wedge of lemon pie at his elbow using a pitchfork which he carries, I am told, for that, among other purposes. South revealed herself to be am ematiated blond, whose upper incisors, like Cyrano's nose, seemed to preceed her by a quarter of an hour. If this were so in challenge, it was certainly matched by the uptilted lower mandiple sported by the prudent young girl perched in the next booth. The ample bulk occupying East position was a loutish lad, the epidermis on whose dome seemed to be in a continuous and copious state of exfoliation. Several imps nearby were humming "Apple Blossom Time" in cadence with these fascades, but he seemed impervious to their jibes. The final participant, West, (suitably designated, for I believe the horizon she posed could easily have supported the most extravagent of sunsets) suggested all of the librarians of the world distilled down into one rather well upholstered model, and moulded roughly along the lines of a Belgian war-horse.

I shallrender my account of what ensued, in the hopes that the reader may make something of it. For my part, it was all bridge to me. My right hand was pinned hopelessly against the metal bar which ran the extent of the room, but I've always prided myself on a degree of ambidexterity, and was thus able to take a few notes in ball-point with the free sinister on my now exposed abdomen.

North opened with a bid no trump and West passed. South seven spade bid was distinctly optimistic and apparently he had no play for it, because the club finesse was wrong. However he was able to make the contract by means of a very unusual squeeze play. East took exception to this and countered with a single raise five level oath. North then passed to dummy, but she didn't respond (noticeably). West ruffed the first diamond , lead one trump, and noticed that East had blanked her cigarette in his coffee. West then passed. It was too high for East but caught South just below the ear. North saw this, and proceeded to slam, leaving West counting his hand. Satisfied there were still ten, West recountered with a double raise, contracting North and East into the pop machine. Dummy's luck ran out, however, because her partner jumped to a four no trump, crushing his hand. At this point, North-South communications broke down with a cracked shin on East's behalf, who contracted with South to plant North solidly on the beak. West played his hand well (though slightly swollen), raising dummy four feet, and leaving her trumped on the floor . . . .

I might have gone on indefinitely observing the activities of these [illegible] denizens of the deep, but, with a flourish of locker-room humor, and coarse guffaws, a group of craiggy, beastly atheletestypes burst in, and immediately commenced to take up positions for their favourite diversion.. . . picking sides and smelling sweat shirts. All of this, with the afforementioned press of the crowd, was enough to bring the natural forces of nature mercifully into play. I swooned.

DANIEL

(If the reader wished to obtain a copy of the complete text, he may do so -- simply tear off your head, and mail, with a stamped, self addressed envelope, to Lighthouse #14, Sea of Azov.)

HUMOR . . . .

Bad Joke of the Week (I found this one tatooed on the sole of my foot after a wild weekend)

TWO BEATNICKS WERE TRAVELLING ON AN OCEAN LINER, MILES FROM THE SIGHT OF ANY LAND. SAID ONE, "MAN, LOOK AT ALL THAT WATER!"
"YEAH," RESPONDED THE OTHER, "AND THAT'S JUST THE TOP OF IT!"

OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Dear Student Council:

How are you? We are fine. Grandma took us to the beach last week. It was Bobby's birthday. Not really, but we can always get toys and things from the forgetful old bat. Ha. Ha. Ha.

We had a really good time there. We saw many boy's and girls swimming and big people in swimming too. On the beach we saw pretty stones and logs, very wonderful seashells and bottles and molesters...